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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CANADA.



A CANADIAN RESIDENCE.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER, in his excellent work, entitled *Transatlantic Sketches*, has paid especial attention to Emigration to Canada, a subject now become of sufficient importance to command the interest of every traveller in this portion of America.

As a graphic illustration of the face of the country, Captain Alexander has sketched the original of the above Engraving; and that portion which relates to it is comprised in the following two pages of our traveller's journal, under the head of "An American Settler locating."

"When an American comes over to Canada to take out a location-ticket, he immediately sets to work in the fall of the year, and slashes (falls) and burns the wood on, perhaps, eight acres of land; then, walking through his new field among the stumps, with a bag of Indian corn-seed about his neck, and his axe in his hand, he makes a hole in the ground with it, and, dropping two or three seeds into it, he closes the hole with his foot, and he thus disposes of his whole seed. He then, perhaps, returns to the States, or hires himself out to work till the time of harvest comes round, when he returns to his field,

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and reaps it. He now may think of building a log-house: he prepares the timber, the neighbours collect in 'a bee,' and assist him to erect his dwelling; he roofs and floors it with bark, the doors and windows are cut out, the hinges are of wood, as are sometimes the locks, the light is admitted through oiled paper, the table is a rough board, and the stools cuts of round logs. He brings his wife and a barrel or two of pork; more land is cleared; pigs, poultry, and cattle are seen to increase; the log-hut is converted into a stable, and a frame-house is substituted. This is supplanted in time by an elegant, two-storied mansion of brick, with tin roof, green Venetians, and carpeted rooms; and I have sketched, with great interest, the successive dwellings of a thriving settler, who requires but an axe and a saw, sobriety and industry, to lay the foundation of a competence in "that happy land."

"Look now ahead:—another race has fill'd These populous borders. While the wood recedes, And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd; The land is full of harvests and green meads, Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds, Shine disembow'rd, and give to sun and breeze Their virgin waters. The full region leads

New colonies forth, that toward the western seas,
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal
trees!"

In the fore-part of the scene here sketched are a few of the characteristics of the country—as the river and its falls, the wood-crowned heights, the canoe, the native's tent and outdoor fire, and the aboriginal mode of the mother carrying her child by attaching it to a broad frame hung over her back.

SHOP SIGNS.

Few casual observers are aware from what curious origins numerous signs, which now appear preposterous, have sprung; and still fewer recollect the time, when all shopkeepers displayed signs of a similar nature; some of which were so valuable as to have cost upwards of one hundred pounds. We shall transcribe, for the amusement of our readers, the best explanations, (of those which appear most unconnected,) that we have been able to discover. The common custom of the young tradesman, prefixing his sign to that of the previous occupant, has occasioned numerous incongruities; which, but for this explanation, could not be accounted for.—For instance, "The bell and dog," "Three mms and a hare," "Lack and Hope," with many others. The sign of the chequers is of great antiquity, having been discovered on several taverns at Pompeii: from its similarity in colour and general appearance to a lattice, it is often so designated in old writers. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff speaks of "your red lattice phrases;" and in one of Marston's plays, printed in 1633, the following passage occurs,—“as well known by my wit as an alehouse by a red lattice.” We need hardly mention the well-known bush, except to remark that it and the signboard were sometimes used together. In proof of this, an old host says:—

I rather will take down my hush and sign,
Than live by means of riotous expense.*

Uncommon as the sign of a full moon is, still the Rev. S. Seyer, in his *Memoirs of Bristol*, says, "that the full moon in Bristol is an extremely ancient inn." Flecknoe says, they have changed the sign of "the Salutation of the Angel and our Lady," into "the Shouldier and Citizen;" and "the Catherine Wheel," into "the Cat and Wheel." "The Swan with Two Necks," will be easily understood by referring to a clever paper, (on the marking of swans,) in the *Mirror*, vol. xxvii., page 265. "The Bolt in Tun" may be thus explained:—The tun or tub was often used by the toxophilites of those days as a substitute for a more finished target; and the bolt, or arrow, is generally represented as having been lodged, by some suc-

cessful candidate, in the tun. The sign of the Three Loggerheads, is two wooden heads, with this inscription:—"Here we three loggerheads be;" the reader being the third. "The Honest Lawyer" is represented with his head under his arm, to prevent him prevaricating. "The Lamb and Lark" refers to a well-known proverb, that we should go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark: it occurs at Keynsham, near Bath. At Willoughby, a village in Warwickshire, there is a public house, with a representation of four crosses, for a sign. It was originally only three, (which were meant to represent our Saviour and the two thieves,) but was altered from a curious occurrence. Dean Swift, in his way to and from his deanery, in Ireland, used occasionally to stay here for a night. One day, the hostess, not waiting on him so promptly as he wished, he wrote with his diamond ring the following on the casement window:—

There are three crosses at your door,
Hang up your wife, and you'll count four.

The identical pane of glass is still in possession of an inhabitant of Willoughby. "The Eagle and Child" is supposed to commemorate the circumstance of a child having been carried off by an eagle there. "The Bell and Mouth" is a corruption of the Boulogne Mouth, or harbour, and generally thought to have been so named in honour of Henry the Eighth, who took that place in 1544. The Bell Savage is a corruption of the French *Belle Sauvage*; a beautiful savage having once been exhibited there. "The Lamb and Hag," and "Simon the tanner," are common. "The Labour in vain," is attempting to wash a blackamoor white. "The Sun and the Thirteen Cantons," represent the sun shining on the cantons of Switzerland. "The Pig and Whistle" is meant for the elephant, his trunk being the whistle. "The Hog in armour" is defined as the rhinoceros; Pan and the Bacchanals as "the Devil and Bag of Nails;" and "the Cat and Fiddle," *La Catherine Fidele*; "the Goat and Compasses," a corruption of the puritan's sign—"God encompasseth us." A Persian traveller in England, seventy years ago, says, "the baker exhibits a loaf; the shoemaker, a shoe; the fruiterer, different kinds of fruit, &c." Addison says, the perfumers always showed figures of goats before their doors.—Was this to say, that their perfumes were strong enough to counteract the stench which Horace mentions.

A woman without a head was a common sign of oil-shops, and is supposed to have originated from an oil-jar, fancifully painted to represent a headless woman. It is jocularly said, that the three balls over the shop of a pawnbroker, betoken that it is two to one

* Good News and Bad News, by S. R. 4to. London, 1622.

† Merra Itesa Modeen.

if pledged articles are ever redeemed; but we are not aware that the true origin of this sign has ever been discovered.* The barber's pole has occasioned much antiquarian discussion; but the most probable opinion is, that it was to denote that the owner practised chirurgery, in addition to the more sublime art of "shaving chins and clipping heads." In *Comenii Orbis Pictus*, a patient is depicted under phlebotomy, sitting in a barber's shop, and grasping a pole or staff in his hand. The following are a few examples of the odd signs used by booksellers:—"Three Legs, 1685;" "Mr. Pope's Head, 1767;" "Three Crowns and Bible, 1711;" "Seven Stars, 1763;" "Three Daggers, 1690;" "Ship and Black Swan, 1721;" "Three Crowns, 1669;" "Bible and Heart, 1659;" "*Sub signo veritatis*, 1782."

J. CHAMBERS.

VILLAGE CHURCHES.

WHAT hopes and feelings consecrate the shrines
At which the rural worshipper can hold

His communings with God!—Not such of old

Rear'd their grey towers o'er copices of pines,
When persecution raged—but now the chime

Of subath bells, at morn or dewy even,
Is wafted by the gentle breath of heaven

From flowery dells and mountain peaks sublime.
Softly as summer sloks upon the heart.

When Evening lingers in the crimson west,
So mute Devotion acts the preacher's part,

And builds her temple in the peasant's breast.
Beneath your shades may Faith her pinions spread,

Till earth is rent, and graves yield up their dead.

G. R. C.

CAGE BIRDS.

It has often appeared strange to me, that females, whose refined minds and tender sympathies are so continually exerted in opposition to acts of cruelty, and whose dominion over the other sex has an acknowledged influence in softening its fiercer nature, should be the chief agents and abettors of the enslavement of the feathered creation. A bird in a cage is the very personification of slavery; while a bird roaming at large imparts the liveliest idea of liberty. Formed by nature for almost boundless flight, and accompanying his progress with the most vivid sounds of delight the brute creation is capable of,—how restless are the sportive movements,—how animating the joyous carol—of the feathered songster! Let the lover of nature contrast these with the cramped movements, dull looks, and altered tones of the captive bird. It is true that, even wired in his narrow prison,—his beautiful, but now useless, wings unexpanded, and with no refreshing gales to invigorate him,—still his song is most enchanting; yet, how different from that which is heard in his unfettered state, and with all the accompaniments of appropriate scenery! These exquisite notes form

* It is said that the three balls were the sign of the Lombards, the money-lenders of former times, whence it was adopted by pawnbrokers.

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the only argument approaching to a reasonable excuse I have heard advanced for keeping the unfortunate possessor in durance.

But are we justified, for the sake of the gratification we thus receive, in inflicting so much suffering? Supposing humanity to answer in the negative, how are we to remedy the evil? Immediately we cannot, in all cases. Many birds, transported from the foreign climes, or inured to bondage from the egg, would perish, if set free. These poor, little creatures, however cruelly imprisoned at first, it is now the part of kindness to continue in captivity, until death remove the bars which mankind has placed to their happiness. Many, however, may be at once set at liberty; and let not their emancipation be delayed. The joyous sight of the creatures again soaring into their native element, will well repay the loss of their song.

But the great remedy consists in the future discouragement of the practice of keeping birds—a practice, strange to say, almost exclusively a feminine occupation. Well am I aware of the kindness and unremitted attention generally bestowed upon the little captive; but, allowing the fair one the praise due to her care, still, she cannot rise far above the rank of a *kind jailer*, who consents to be instrumental in keeping any creature captive against its will. Kindness and attention may alleviate the miseries incidental to loss of liberty, but they can never compensate for it.

Shall I make this appeal in vain?—I believe not. Many require the evil but to be pointed out, to remedy it, and will gladly free their little captives; such persons desirous of restoring to them that inestimable boon, liberty, of which they ought never to have been deprived; and solacing themselves in the loss of their delightful notes, by the reflection that they have departed to enjoy, instead of remaining to endure existence.

J. C.

THE VALE OF CYPRESS-TREES.

O! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press so ponderous tomb;

But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,

And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

Byron.

A gloomy vale—a solitude where pilgrims love to mourn,
And hearts o'erflow, like bursting founts, around the silent urn;

But yet its hush is beautiful, and roses brightly bloom
Beneath the melancholy shades which darken o'er the tomb.

The lovely and the brave, perchance, in this lone place are laid,
The treasure'd ones of many a hearth, the flowers of field and glade;
But grief, although their semblance lives upon the marble bust,
Cannot recall them, or redeem one ringlet from the dust.

The voices rich 'with festal song, the lips of sunny
hue,
The eyes reflecting heaven amid their tender spheres
of blue,
The sylph-like graces of their forms, and all that
love adored,
Oh! these are dim and silent now—and are they
not deplored?
Yes—I can turn from yonder sky, the clouds that
fringe its brow,
And feel my spirit soar on wings of inspiration now;
But not the gorgeous scene around, with all its light
and bloom,
Can lure me from the cypress shades that darken
o'er the tomb. G. R. C.

Manners and Customs.

BURIAL.

THE inhabitants of the Nicobar islands, at the entrance of the gulf of Bengal, have no notion of a God, but they believe firmly in the Devil, and worship him from fear. In every village there is a high pole with long strings of ground rattans hanging from it, which they imagine have the virtue to keep him at a distance. When they observe any signs of an approaching storm, they fancy that the Devil intends them a visit; upon which many superstitious ceremonies are performed. When a man dies, all his property is buried with him, and his wife must conform to custom by having a joint cut off from one of her fingers.

In Otaheite, the body of a person deceased is placed beneath a shed, open at one end, and formed of a kind of wicker work, upon a bier or frame of wood with a matted bottom and supported by four posts. When the bones are stripped of their flesh, and become dry, they are buried with great ceremony.

In the Fox islands, situated in the bay of Kamtschatka, the bodies of the rich, together with their clothes and arms, are put into a small boat made of the wood driven on shore by the sea; this boat is suspended upon poles placed crosswise, and the body is thus left to rot in the open air.

The friends of a Laplander are not very ready to attend him in his last moments, for as soon as he expires they quit the place with precipitation, apprehending some injury from his spirit, or ghost, which they believe remains with the corpse, and takes all opportunities of doing mischief to the living. The deceased is deposited in a coffin by a person selected for the purpose—but he secures himself previously from any ill offices of the manes by a consecrated brass ring fixed on his left arm.

The Yacuti, or Socha, a Tartar tribe that originally descended into Siberia from the high regions of the south, never mention the dead unless allegorically, and forsake the hut in which any one has expired. They bury a dead person in his best apparel, with his knife and other useful articles, and some

meat, that he may not hunger on the road to the dwellings of souls.

When the negroes of some parts of Africa suspect a person to have died in consequence of sorcery, they interrogate the corpse, which they believe gives an answer in the affirmative by impelling forward the persons who bear it, and the negative by a rolling motion. The person accused is seized and sold into slavery, and sometimes his family likewise. If of no value as a slave, the accused person is compelled to dig his own grave, into which he is thrust, the earth is then thrown over him, and a stake is driven through his body.

The Arrawaks, a tribe of Guiana, have neither priesthood nor form of worship,—they say that it is unnecessary to address the Creator, for as he is supremely just, he will not give any one undue precedence on supplication, neither will he willingly afflict his creatures. They attempt, however, by incantations to propitiate the evil principle.—*Gleanings of a Mariner.*

The Naturalist.

ON THE LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

(Continued from page 188.)

A COUPLE of cerastes, an Egyptian species of serpent, are said by Dr. Shaw to have been kept five years in a closely corked bottle, without any sort of food, unless a small quantity of sand, in which they coiled themselves up at the bottom of the vessel may be called such; yet, when he saw them, they had newly cast their skins, and were as brisk and lively as if just captured.—(*Encyclopædia Londinensis*, article Abstinence.)

Vipers live at least six or seven years, as they are said not to be full-grown till about that age.

Fish.—"The age of fishes is more uncertain than that of terrestrial creatures; because, living under the water, they are the less observed."—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 11.) "Two methods," says Smellie, "have been devised for ascertaining the age of fishes, namely, by the circles of the scales, and by a transverse section of the backbone. When a scale of a fish is examined by the microscope, it is found to consist of a number of circles within one another, resembling, in some measure, those rings that appear on the transverse sections of trees, by which their ages are computed. In the same manner, the ages of fishes may be ascertained by the number of circles on their scales, reckoning for each ring, one year of the animal's existence."

* The ages of fish that want scales, as the skate and ray kind, may be pretty exactly known by separating the joints of the backbone, and observing minutely the number of rings which the surface exhibits. Both of these methods may be liable to deception;

but they are the only natural ones which have been hitherto discovered. The longevity of fish has been ascribed to several causes.—The element in which they live is more uniform, and less subject to accidental changes than the air of our atmosphere. Their bones, which are more of a cartilaginous nature than those of land animals, admit of indefinite extension; of course, their bodies, instead of suffering the rigidity of age at an early period, which is the natural cause of death, continue to grow much longer than those of most land animals.”—(*Philosophy of Nat. Hist.*, i. 514.) Smellie observes also, that some fish live during several centuries.

A correspondent to the *Magazine of Natural History* says, he suspects that sticklebacks, (*Gasterosteus*.) do not live longer than two years, (vii., 600.)

The carp, (*Cyprinus carpio*), according to Dubravius, continues to spawn until the age of thirty. One is reported to have been living, in 1782, in the basin of Emanuel College, Cambridge, in its thirty-sixth year; and Captain Brown says there was one there, (he may, perhaps, allude to the same,) which was more than seventy years old. Gesner says that one in the Palatine lived to be one hundred years old.—(*Piscium*, 312.) “Buffon informs us, that in Count Maurepa’s ponds, he had seen carps of one hundred and fifty years of age, and that the fact was attested in the most satisfactory manner. He even mentions one which he supposed to be two hundred years old. * * * The ages of Buffon’s carp were chiefly determined by the circles on their scales.”—(*Smellie’s Phil. Nat. Hist.*)

The bream, (*Cyprinus breama*), and the tench, (*C. tinca*), Bacon says, do not live above ten years.—(*Hist. of Life*, 11.)

The pike, (*Esox lucius*), is supposed by Bacon to attain a greater age than any other fresh-water fish; and yet he thinks it does not exceed forty years. Gesner, as quoted by Hakewill, records, however, the capture of a pike, near Halibrun, in Suabia, in the year 1497, which was two hundred and sixty-seven years old, as appeared from a ring round its neck, certifying that it was put into the lake, in the year 1230, by Frederick II.

The salmon, (*Salmo salar*), Bacon says, grows rapidly, but does not live more than ten years.

A cod-fish, (*Gadus morhua*), is stated to have lived seventeen years in Colonel MacDowal’s celebrated salt-water pond at Logan, in Scotland. When it died, in 1826, it had become, either from old age, accident, or disease, totally blind, and its body had visibly declined in bulk.—(*Macdiarmid’s Sketches from Nature*.)

The eel, (*Muræna anguilla*), does not live longer, Bacon says, than ten years.

Lampreys, (*Petromyzon marinus*), “were

found in Cæsar’s fishponds to have lived threescore years.”—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 11.)

Insects.—In considering the ages of insects, we should include the time they pass in the larva or grub, pupa or chrysalis, imago or perfect states; for though a species in these three states exhibits distinct forms, yet it is the same life that is sustained in them. If there were any truth in the ridiculous and false statements of epitaph-writers and novelists, that the larva lies dead in its chrysalis waiting till revived, and that it is, therefore, emblematic of the resurrection of man, that state certainly ought to be excluded; but as both respiration and motion are observable in it, it must of course be included. We might, indeed, as well purposely omit when computing the age of man, to count the years of his childhood, as to omit the larva and pupa states of insects, when computing the extent of their lives. After insects have attained their mature or perfect state, they are ordinarily short-lived; and their existing for any unusually long time, only arises from their, accidentally, not being able to find a mate to engender with, in which case they live much longer than they otherwise would have done, nature prolonging their lives for the express purpose, apparently, that they may yet meet and multiply. The tenacity of life in insects which have not bred, is known to every collector. A virgin insect, when impaled on a pin, continues to live, and without food, for a much longer time than any insect so treated, after she has copulated, and laid her eggs. The life of an insect in its virginity, will often, indeed, resist for a long while not only the pin, but even spirits of wine, the fumes of tobacco, or of brimstone, excessive heat or excessive cold. But, it is not improbable, that some species of insects in their perfect state naturally continue torpid during winter, and revive with the return of warm weather: this seems to be so, at least, in the case of wasps; for when a wasp’s nest is dug up in the winter, there are usually found some individuals inside it, which manifest signs of life on the application of warmth.

“We learn from Marsham, that the grub of *Buprestis splendida*, (a handsome species of beetle,) was ascertained to have existed in the wood of a deal table more than twenty years.”—(*Introduction to Entomology*, i., 234.)

Baker, the microscopic observer, states that he kept a specimen of the churchyard beetle, (*Blaps mortuaria*), alive for three years without a morsel of food.

Day-flies, (*Ephemera*), are incorrectly said to live only one day, and, in some species, only a few hours; for, not only do they occasionally live in their perfect state two or three days, but some of them live, in the larva state, for two years.

Rüssel says he kept a rose-chaffer, (*Cotonia aurata*), which he fed with fruit and moist bread, for more than three years.—(*Insekten Beobacht.*, iii., 378.)

The stag-beetle, (*Lucanus cervus*), lives three years in its larva state, and a few weeks in its perfect state.

The cockchafer, (*Melolontha vulgaris*), lives four years in its larva state.

The mantis, Goldsmith supposes, will live, if confined and well fed, ten years.

Bees and flies of all kinds, after lying long in water, and having every appearance of death, revive by the application of a gentle heat, or by covering their bodies with ashes, chalk, or sand, which absorbs the superfluous moisture from their pores. Reaumur made many experiments upon the reviviscence of drowned bees. He found that, after being immersed in water for nine hours, some of them returned to life; but he acknowledges that many of them, in the fourth part of this time, were actually dead, and that neither heat, nor the application of absorbent powders, could restore them to life."—(*Smellie's Phil. of Nat. Hist.*, i., 516.) In the *Kalidoscope*, (1822,) p. 106, it is stated that Mr. Beddome, chemist, in Tooley-street, London, thus writes to the editor of the *Times*:—"Sir,—Having lately read in the very interesting *Introduction to Entomology*, by Messrs. Kirby and Spence, of the great tenacity of life which some insects possess, it has brought to my recollection a fact that occurred three years ago, which I confess I could not have credited, had it not passed under my own observation. I had purchased twenty large hives, and a hoghead of Dutch honey in the natural state, not separated from the wax, which had been in my friend's warehouse above a year; and after emptying my hives as well as I could, I boiled them for a considerable time in water to obtain what honey remained between the interstices. A considerable number of bees that had been mixed with the honey, were floating on the surface of the water, and these I skimmed off, and placed on flagstones outside my laboratory, which was at the top of the house, and then exposed to a July meridian sun. You may imagine my astonishment, when, in half an hour, I saw scores of these same bees, that had been for months in a state of suffocation, and then well boiled, gradually come to life and fly away. There were so many of them that I closed the door, fearing that they might be disposed to return, and punish me for the barbarous usage they had received at my hands."—Dr. Bevan estimates the average length of a drone's life to be about four months, a worker-bee's about six months, and a female bee's, (aburdly called a queen,) about four years.—(*Magazine of Zoology and Botany*, for June, 1836.)

Anecdote Gallery.

LORD BOLINGBROKE AT BATTERSEA.

THIS celebrated statesman and philosopher, one of the brilliant lights of the Augustan age of literature in England, was born at Battersea, on October 1, 1678. The family seat was a spacious mansion, containing forty rooms on a floor. It was alienated from the St. Johns in 1763, when it was purchased for the late Earl Spencer, then a minor, and about fifteen years after, the greatest part of the house was pulled down. On the site of the demolished part, were erected the horizontal air-mill and malt-distillery of Messrs. Hodgson and Co.; but the latter was sold in 1819, and was taken down soon after.

The locality, interesting to every one who cherishes respect for the abodes of genius, was visited by Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, in the year 1816, and is thus graphically described by our philosophical tourist:—

"I passed from the premises of Mr. Brunel, to the nearly adjoining ones of Mr. Hodgson, an intelligent maltster and distiller, and the proprietor of the elevated, horizontal air-mill, which serves as a landmark for many miles round. But his mill, its elevated shaft, its vanes, and weather or wind-boards, curious as they would have been on any other site, lost their interest on premises once the residence of the illustrious Bolingbroke, and the resort of the philosophers of his day. In ascending the winding flights of its tottering galleries, I could not help wondering at the caprice of events which had converted the dwelling of Bolingbroke into a malting-house and a mill. This house, once sacred to philosophy and poetry, long sanctified by the residence of the noblest genius of his age, honoured by the frequent visits of Pope, and the birth-place of the immortal *Essay on Man*, is now appropriated to the lowest uses! The house of Bolingbroke become a wind-mill! The spot on which the *Essay on Man* was concocted and produced, converted into a distillery of pernicious spirits! Such are the lessons of time! Such are the means by which an eternal agency sets at naught the ephemeral importance of man! But yesterday, this spot was the resort, the hope, and the seat of enjoyment of Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and all the contemporary genius of England—yet a few whirls of the earth round the sun, the change of a figure in the date of the year, and the group have vanished; while in their place I behold hogs and horses, malt-bags and barrels, stills and machinery!

"Alas!" said I to the occupier, "and have these things become the representatives of more human genius than England may ever witness on one spot again?—have you thus

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satirized the transitory fate of humanity?—do you thus become a party with the bigoted enemies of that philosophy which was personified in a Bolingbroke and a Pope?—‘No,’ he rejoined, ‘I love the name and character of Bolingbroke, and I preserve the house as well as I can with religious veneration; I often smoke my pipe in Mr. Pope’s parlour, and think of him with due respect as I walk the part of the terrace opposite his room.’ He then conducted me to this interesting parlour, which is of brown, polished oak, with a grate and ornaments of the age of George the First; and before its window stood the portion of the terrace upon which the malt-house had not encroached, with the Thames moving majestically under its wall. I was on holy ground! I did not take off my shoes—but I doubtless felt what pilgrims feel as they approach the temples of Jerusalem, Mecca, or Jaggernaut! Of all poems, and of all codes of wisdom, I admire the *Essay on Man*, and its doctrines the most; and, in this room, I exclaimed, it was probably planned, discussed, and written!

“Mr. Hodgson assured me, this had always been called ‘Pope’s room,’ and he had no doubt it was the apartment usually occupied by that great poet, in his visits to his friend Bolingbroke. Other parts of the original house remain, and are occupied and kept in good order. He told me, however, that this is but a wing of the mansion, which extended in Lord Bolingbroke’s time to the churchyard, and is now appropriated to the malting-house and its warehouses.

“On inquiring for an ancient inhabitant of Battersea, I was introduced to a Mrs. Gilliard, a pleasant and intelligent woman, who told me she well remembered Lord Bolingbroke—that he used to ride out every day in his chariot, and had a black patch on his cheek, with a large wart over his eyebrows. She was then but a girl, but she was taught to look upon him with veneration as a great man. As, however, he spent little in the place, and gave little away, he was not much regarded by the people of Battersea. I mentioned to her the names of several of his contemporaries, but she recollected none, except that of Mallet, who, she said, she had often seen walking about in the village, while he was visiting at Bolingbroke House. The unassuming dwelling of this gentleman affords another proof of the scattered and unrecorded wealth of Britain, in works of superior art. I found in her retired parlour, a fine, historical picture, by Vandyke, for which she said she had been offered 500*l.*, but which she refused to part with, not less from a spirit of independence, than from a tasteful estimate of the beauties of the picture.”

The situation of Bolingbroke House, in a

quiet village upon the banks of the Thames, was a delightful retirement; and Bolingbroke, at certain periods of his eventful life, evinced his love of such seclusion as his family seat afforded. It is true that his youth was a reckless round of pleasure, for he was the Rochester of his day. Many years afterwards, he declared that the love of study and desire of knowledge were what he had felt all his life; and though his genius, unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly that very often he heard him not in the hurry of those passions with which he was transported; yet some calmer hours there were, and in them he hearkened to him.

Bolingbroke’s seven years exile, (owing to his part in the politics of the previous seventeen years,) was passed in the *otium* of literary retirement. He resided principally on a small property called La Source, near Orleans, which he had purchased in 1719, and which he had taken great delight in laying out and decorating. Here he corresponded with Swift, Pope and other literary friends in England, and also drew around him a circle of new acquaintances, comprising some of the most eminent men of the Continent. How congenial and delightful such society must have been! for, of Bolingbroke it has been observed, that his most familiar conversations would bear printing without correction. During his residence here, his wife having died in 1718, in 1720 he married the widow of the Marquis de Villette, a niece of Madame de Maintenon.

After Bolingbroke’s return to England, in 1724, he resided at Dawley, a villa near Uxbridge, where he occupied himself in a political war in the *Occasional Writer* and the *Craftsman*; and in writing various treatises upon moral and metaphysical subjects, which he did not send to the press. His political spirit was, however, not yet laid; for, in 1735, he abruptly left England, and returned to France, with the resolution of spending the remainder of his life in that country. He remained there, residing at a seat called Chantelou, in Touraine, (with the exception of a short visit to England, to dispose of Dawley,) till the death of his father in 1742. He now returned to take possession of the family estate at Battersea, where he resided for the most part till his death, of a cancer in the face, in 1751.

In the previous year, he had been afflicted by the loss of his excellent wife, to whom he was affectionately attached. Both are interred in the family vault, in Battersea Church, where is an elegant monument by Roubiliac; with busts of the great Lord and his Lady, and the arms of the family. The epitaphs on both were written by Bolingbroke; that upon himself is still extant in his own handwriting in the British Museum. It is shortly descriptive of his fortunes:—



(The Bolingbroke Monument,—by Roubiliac,—in Battersea Church.)

Here lies

HENRY ST. JOHN :

In the days of Queen Anne,
Secretary at War, Secretary of State, and Viscount
Bolingbroke ;

In the days of King George the First and King
George the Second,
Something more and better.

His attachment to Queen Anne

Exposed him to a long and severe prosecution :

He bore it with firmness of mind.

He passed the latter part of his life at home,

The enemy of no national party,

The friend of no faction ;

Distinguished under the cloud of a proscription

Which had not been entirely taken off

By seal to maintain the Liberty

And to restore the ancient Prosperity

Of Great Britain.

The inscription on Lady Bolingbroke is as
follows :—

In this vault

Are interred the Remains of

MARY CLARA DES CHAMPS DE MARSILLY,
Marchioness of Villette and Viscountess Bolingbroke.

Born of a noble family,

Bred in the Court of Louis XIV.

She reflected a lustre on the former

By the superior accomplishments of her mind ;

She was an ornament to the latter

By the amiable dignity and grace of her behaviour.

She lived

The honour of her own sex,

The delight and admiration of ours.

She died

An object of imitation to both,

With all the firmness that Reason,

With all the resignation that Religion,

can inspire.

Referring to Bolingbroke's love of retire-

ment, we find the following interesting pas-
sage, concluding Mr. Cooke's *Memoirs of*
Lord Bolingbroke, lately published :—

"The delicacy of his taste was seen in
the beauty of his country retreats, and the
rural wildness of his grounds. His friends
discovered it in every thing he planned, and
in every thing he performed. The celebrity
of Dawley was in its day as great as that of
Twickenham ; and even history has not dis-
dained to celebrate Lord Bolingbroke's
charming retreat near Orleans. But all
traces of these favourite spots,

"Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought,"

have passed away. The Loiret, indeed, still
gushes from the earth ; but the château is no
longer the same. Dawley has been long
since pulled down ; and even the ancient seat
of the St. Johns at Battersea, venerable as it
was for its antiquity, has ceased to exist as a
mansion. The scanty remains have been
converted into a mill ; but the ruins yet bear
testimony to the splendour of the ancient
house. It is still known in the neighbour-
hood as the residence of Bolingbroke ; and
Tradition, with her usual admixture of truth
and error, points out a dilapidated chamber
as that in which Pope composed his *Essay*
on Man."

New Books.

THE DIARY OF A DÉSENNUYÉE.

[This book is a running satire upon the heartlessness, follies, and vices of what is commonly termed fashionable life. Its castigation is severe, and will, we hope, make the naughty and dull ones *smart*. Still, we are disposed to think it shows up the emptiness of fashion with too strong a light; we almost sicken at the vacuum and the glare. Plot the work has not: its brilliancy, vivacious wit, and well-turned satire, are its attractions; for the writer is altogether a superior creature to those among whom she moves. The *Désennuyée* is a gay, lovely, and accomplished widow, with a jointure of 6,000*l.* a year. Her girlhood was passed in a cottage in Staffordshire, whence she married at seventeen, Colonel Delaval, of Delaval Castle, Ballyshumna, who died within seven years. Contrasted with the widow's uncontrolled condition is that of Armine, her sister, wedded to "a certain morose Henry Herbert," who "caught the small-pox, and became honey-combed for life,"—"a man without a profession, because he is so near being a man of fortune; but who, with his independence of 1,785*l.* per annum, is the most dependent of human beings." The Diarist's cousin, Lady Cecilia Delaval, engages for her "a perfect *bijou*" of a house in St. James's Place, wherein lies the scene of the first volume of the Diary. The characters that flit through its leaves are too numerous to sketch, so that we must be content with a single scene, which is a fair specimen of the point and satire of the work.]

The Zoological Gardens on a Sunday.

We had now reached the bird-houses; and, from the circle of delighted auditors listening to the *gentillesse* of the pink cockatoo, who was sidling on his stand in the sunshine, a whole party of the Beresfords caught sight of me, and in a minute I was surrounded. The usual ejaculations followed—"Isn't this a doat of a bird?"—"Quite a darling!"—"Such a dear, nice creature?"—"Pretty Poll!"—"Cocoa ready?"—"Did you stay out the ballet last night?"—"Couldn't get my carriage up. Stupid old coachman—been in the family these thirty years—must get rid of him?"—"Pretty Poll!"—"Wasn't Fanny Elser divine in that *pas de trois*?"—"God save great George our king!"—"La! ma! what an old parrot it *must* be—it says God save King George!"—"My dear, parrots is like hoaks—they lives a hage, vich is a great hage. Don't you remember when you studied hornithology along with Miss Sycamore?"—"Yes, ma!"—"Heavens! Mrs. Delaval, did you hear that woman? And they pretend that the society here on Sundays is select!"—"Take care, my dear Lady Alicia, take care—parrots are as insi-

dious as monkeys. That creature is making for your shoulder."—"Do you remember what old Lady Burlington said when her macaw bit a piece out of her friend's arm—"I hope to Heaven it won't make the poor dear creature sick!"—"Naughty Poll!" &c.

We were soon joined by Lord Lancaster and Lord Hilton, and loitered about the gardens with the Beresfords, making the same sapient remarks uttered there Sunday after Sunday; such as—"What a vastly conjugal couple!"—"Who? Mr. and Mrs. William C.?"—"No! that pair of blue and buff macaws! What a fate!—to be caged in eternal fidelity, as an example for ladies and gentlemen!"—"How those charmois remind one of Chamouny! Dear Switzerland! Lord Hilton, were you ever in Switzerland? How enchanting it would be to be passing this hot day in a *chalet*, in one of those delicious valleys! Switzerland is quite my passion. I mean to go to Lady Rossana's *fête costumée* as an *Appenzelloise*."—"Is Lady Rossana going to give a *bal costumé*?"—"Haven't you your card?"—"No! a fancy-ball! How Irish! how vulgar! Always wanting to do something out of the common way."—"Shall I get you invited?"—"Thank you. Yes, I suppose one must be there."

"La! ma! what's that bird as big as a turkey, what sits so sulky on its perch?"—"An eagle."—"Bill, I say, yonder great beast's an eagle."—"What's a heagle? I never seed a heagle."—"You naughty boy! Don't you remember the Spread Eagle, opposite uncle John's, in Gracechurch street?"

"Just listen to those ignorant barbarians!"—"And then, people talk of the diffusion of knowledge, and the advantage of penny libraries! Do let us go, Lady Evelyn, and see the kangaroos swallow their young."—"Do they really swallow them?"—"To be sure—I have seen them a thousand times."

[With the first volume closes the London season, and the gay widow's country vivats. The second volume introduces to the gaieties of a Continental Tour, from which are the following excellent remarks on]

Parisian Society.

To-night I made my *début* in the circle of Madame de Bretonvilliers; and am still shivering at the recollection! The great, gloomy courtyard in the Rue de Grenade, the dark, damp stair-case, the stifling garlic-scented ante-chamber, the ill-lighted rooms, the formal assemblage, were not compensated by the vastness of the antiquated saloons, and that magniloquent nomenclature of the guests. No young people, the ladies scarcely even in *demi-toilette*, muffled in bonnets and shawls—and coldness and formality enough to have frozen a salamander. I was presented to several duchesses whose titles are historical, who, by their appearance, may

have figured in the *Fronde*. But I suspect there was a vapour of the Tuileries clinging to my garments, for they eyed me most contemptuously. We had two Boston tables and a "*wisk*;" *eau sucrée* and weak syrup and water were handed round by way of refreshment; the candles seemed to burn dim; the lofty saloon was as hazy as one of our great theatres in the month of November; a sensation of ague seemed creeping over me. Dinner invitations, from the Bretonvilliers, are as much out of the question as to the table of his Holiness. The people of his *caste* are supposed to dine; but the fact has never been proved to foreigners by ocular demonstration.

We are apt to fancy in England that every great French family has its Ude; whereas none but the ambassadors, ministers, or great bankers, affect to give dinners, or even keep a *chef*. There was only Rothschild, in all Paris, who could venture upon Carême!

Just returned from a brilliant ball *chez le ministre de* —. These ministerial fêtes are considered far from select; but my eye is not yet sufficiently familiar with the surface of French society to detect the fault. The house, an official residence, was noble, and nobly lighted; the orchestra admirable; and the whole thing faultlessly arranged. A French ball-room presents a more orderly aspect than ours. The ladies are seated side by side round the room, generally in a double row; and no gentleman would dream of usurping a place among them; the seats are occupied by the same persons throughout the evening; when they dance, a handkerchief or bouquet is left to engage the place. The room has, consequently, the appearance of being lined with beautiful women, who are led out to dance, then reconducted to their seats. There is no wandering up and down, no pushing to get in here or out there, as in an English party, whereon the demon of restlessness appears to have set his seal. Our ladies fair are, in fact, too fond of lounging about on the arms of men, to whom they are comparatively strangers, to stare at this beauty, laugh at that quiz, or ascertain, by the most insolent coolness of investigation, whether they like the looks of Lady A., or Lady B., sufficiently to be introduced to her. They seem to fancy themselves privileged in rudeness towards any one not exactly belonging to their own set—to sneer—to elbow—to push aside. French women, on the contrary, are peculiarly courteous to strangers. If thrust against their intentions into a crowd, there is a coaxing tone in their merest "*Pardon, madame, mille pardons!*" which, if not sterling gold, is very pretty tinsel.

The men in society here take my fancy less than the women. The very young ones affect Anglomania, and talk of nothing but horses and *la chasse*, in a tone of affectation

ridiculous to English ears. Still worse are the *jeunes élégans*, the look-and-die class, who dress à la *moyen âge*, and, like other mites, are vast underminers—of female reputation. I omit a few charming old men of the old school, all urbanity and good-breeding; but, after a time, their flowery nothingness becomes tedious; and, on the whole, the most agreeable companions are the men of about fifty, whose youth was passed at the imperial court, where ability was the *passé partout*; "men of the world, who know the world like men." From one thing, at least, you are secure in French society—the proud, reserved, unsocial, "superior man," so often met with in England—a miser of his own mind, who stalks through life as if he owed no kindly reciprocation of sociability to his fellow-creatures. The French seem to have their temper or their temperament more under their own control than the English.

In Paris, people are far less amenable than in London to the tribunal of public opinion!

The custom of living in suites of apartments, either in a public hotel or a furnished house, renders people independent of the *surveillance* of their servants and of each other. Among the well-regulated establishments of a good street in the better quarters of London, every action, every gesture, every visit received or refused, is known and commented upon, not only by your next-door neighbours, but by the superabounding, and therefore idle, servants of a dozen others. The lazy butler of No. 36, yawning on the doot-steps during the daily drive of his lady, and comparing notes with his brother cork-screws of No. 35 and No. 37, has nothing better to do than communicate intelligence of my lady's flirtations, or my lord's unpaid bills, to be circulated round the neighbourhood. In Paris, he would be dusting chairs or washing china; for not a hand that is not superabundantly tasked, is retained in a French establishment.

Personal allusions, moreover, are inadmissible into the newspapers. No vulgar appetite prevails for learning the number of guests or *entrées* at the dinner of the Marquis of This or Baron the Other—the fiddle-faddle particulars of ladies' toilets, or the comings and goings of the aristocracy, and aristocracy-aping mediocrity. There is infinitely less of the servile spirit of lachrymism among the middling and lower orders. A French haberdasher knows what the journals of the day relate as the last firman of the grand signor, but cares not a rush whether the noble duke, lodged in the first floor over his shop, is married or single, or about to commit matrimony; while a French footman talks to the *frotteur*, dry-rubbing your apartments, of the order of the day in the Chamber, or the pictures at the Exposition, instead of the improprieties he may have noticed

while lounging away the night in the hall at Willis's.

Even in the most frivolous society, conversation rarely takes a personal tone. Scandalous gossip is regarded as eminently vulgar. The men talk politics—the women, dress—seldom or ever, the affairs of their neighbours. Whether public morals derive improvement from this security from that minor, yet influential public tribunal—the voice of society—may perhaps be doubtful; but it is certain that not a few of the English are well content to be emancipated from the *obligato* suit of buckram worn in London, and the hypocrisy induced by the consciousness of being always under review; always perched upon a judgment-stool; always subjected to the scrutiny of the steward's room, the servant's hall, the malignations of the fashionable school for scandal, and the branding-irons of the weekly press!

"CRUSE'S PSALMS."

THIS is, certainly, the most satisfactory work on Psalmody that has appeared in our time. It not only marks out theory, but illustrates it by practice, and this in so popular a manner, as to make the letter-press of music almost as interesting as the notes. With Mr. Cruse's previous work, the *Psalms of the Church*, the present volume forms the most extensive Collection of Psalms extant, comprising nearly every well-known and approved tune; specimens of the composition of all the most eminent Church writers; and New Music to all the 150 Psalms; much of which has been written expressly for the work by persons of talent and celebrity. The musical arrangement is highly successful, and alike creditable to the industry of Mr. Cruse in the collection of such choice gems, and to his judgment in their adaptation. The work enjoys, and it merits, the patronage of her Majesty; and the portion before us being in its second edition, is a gratifying proof that its high merits have been widely appreciated.

The letter-press of Mr. Cruse's volume will especially interest all employed in the cultivation of Sacred Music—the sublime and simple homage of man to his Maker. Our Correspondents upon Psalmody will likewise be pleased to see in the field so efficient an improver of Church Music as Mr. Cruse undoubtedly proves. His first section is occupied by concise observations on the Rudiments of Music, with Illustrations. Next are Instructions in Singing, written with equal brevity and perspicuity. Then follows a chapter of Remarks on Congregational Singing, in which the opinions of deceased and living writers on Psalmody are collected and arranged with great skill. In this chapter, the errors and improprieties introduced into religious worship by incompetent per-

sons are lucidly pointed out for avoidance; the paper concluding with a sensible remark by Dr. Herbert—that "every one may observe, that in churches where Psalms are best and oftenest sung, those churches are always best filled." The remaining letter-press lays down the Duties of an Organist, and prescribes, with excellent taste, the rules for well-graced performances.

By the way, Mr. Cruse commences his chapter of Instructions by saying:—"Let no one suppose that he cannot sing: whosoever can speak will surely sing, if he will take the trouble to try. If he has had the patience to peruse the preceding observations, we may reasonably conclude he will go one step further, particularly as there is little to be done which can be called study: the practice of the voice, in many cases, does not even interrupt ordinary avocations. In Lancashire, (whence we derive so much assistance at our musical festivals,) it is no uncommon occurrence to find several weavers in the same room, pursuing their ordinary occupations, and singing Handel's choruses."

It should be mentioned that many of the Psalms in Mr. Cruse's work, are set to rare melodies from every nation, the peculiar characteristic effects of which present a striking novelty. To this edition there is superadded a Collection of *One Hundred Double and Single Chants*. Accompanying the "Psalms," we have also received a copy of *Original Cathedral Services*; the harmonies of which are smoothly flowing and correct.

Of the fitness of Mr. Cruse's "Psalms" for public worship, it will scarcely be requisite to add a recommendation, since its value in every organ and singing loft is self-evident. To private families, in the concert of their domestic circle, this work must prove an acquisition—a sacred library—a Sabbath, if not a morning and evening fount—to whose holy spring the well-regulated mind will gladly repair to refresh itself by impressions of the divine majesty. Amid all the efforts of human genius, there is nothing more beautiful than the simplicity of Sacred Music; attuned as it is to our imaginings of regions far beyond this troubled sphere of life. How delightful is it then to witness a family around a chamber-organ or pianoforte, and raising their voices in praise of their Creator, their Redeemer, their Sanctifier. We have often thought Sacred Music to be so simple as to be almost spontaneous; especially when its impressive melodies, breathing of things holy, have been compared with the effects of secular music.—"That singing is the natural exercise of the voice may be seen in children, who, without instruction, or further excitement than lively spirits, of their own accord, express their feelings in song."

The Public Journals.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.—HAVANAH. BY A
FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

We disembarked at Havanah on Good Friday. Crowds of vessels filled its spacious bay. All the ships had hoisted their colours in honour of the *fête*. My eye sought for tricoloured flags, but hardly could I discern two or three in the midst of the multitude of Spanish and American ensigns. In the middle of this fleet, arrayed in Sunday finery, the old vessels of the Spanish squadron, which had been refitted, to repair years of irreparable outrage, rose like superior towers. Thousands of covered barks were ranged along the beach. The two immense fortresses of Morro and the Cabana, whose bastions and batteries cover the rocks on the right of the harbour, were also bedecked with large floating banners. A population of 130,000 souls of all colours and all shades of colour, filled on this day the streets and the public walks. All appeared satisfied and joyous, the slaves as well as others. The negroes, who at Havanah live not, as at New Orleans, under sumptuary laws, were dressed out in silks and veils.

This colony possesses at present a considerable commerce. The cultivation of colonial produce has made great progress during the last half century. After the disasters of St. Domingo, the French refugee colonists brought their industry here, and the coffee of the island is equal at present to that of St. Domingo at the period when that colony was most flourishing. The cultivation of coffee at St. Domingo was prosecuted in the mountain districts. It was therefore in the mountains that the French first established themselves. I visited a few days ago their asylum. The European traveller, breathing the delicious and embalmed air of these mountains, sometimes in the steep paths of primitive forests, sometimes in the avenues of bamboo and citron groves, will often put the question to himself when about to take his departure,—If it would not be better to silence at once the feverish restlessness which plunges him into the world, and establish himself for life in one of these peaceful retreats which seem to open their bosoms to give rest to his endless agitations?

These picturesque habitations, nevertheless, in which I have been the object of a cordial hospitality delightful to recollect, are not the most prosperous. A few years of cultivation are sufficient to exhaust the soil of these enchanting valleys, and it is impossible to renew their fertility by manure, because once stripped of their woods, their steep slopes are exposed without protection to the violent tropical rains, which wash away the new beds of soil the husbandman would lay.

The cultivation of coffee has therefore descended to the plain, and has spread magnificently over the large level spaces of the St. Marc district. There, French, Spaniards, and Americans are mingled together, but the French taste predominates. It has presided over all the public works of this part of the island, and given to them a character of royal grandeur.

Versailles seemed to be evoked and called up before me when I entered on the plain of St. Marc. Imagine the grand, broad avenues of Louis XIV. bordered with rows of trees verdant nearly all the year round as they are at home in the month of May, but instead of the elm, there is here the thick-leaved mango; instead of the linden, the perpendicular palm tree, with its glossy bark, its tuft of foliage of brilliant green in the spring, waving to the very points of its leaves to sombre hues in the autumn; instead of the chestnut, the massive bamboo; instead of iron railings, impenetrable hedges of close-shaven citron plants; and instead of grass plots, beds of the coffee berry, sometimes green and sometimes red, according to the season. In the alleys and behind the palms are rows of orange-trees, not in boxes, but growing in the open air, and bending under the weight of their golden apples; and scattered over the whole scene are all trees of tropical fruits. Airy, delightful houses, surrounded with flowers, are the repose spots to the eye, and the miserable huts of the negroes form the shades of the picture. All this, with the breeze of the morning and of the evening, winnowing a delicious refreshment over the island, will give you some slight idea of this enchanting place, at least of the quarter of St. Marc.

The island of Cuba is happy in having possessed, during the last two years, such a governor as is rarely to be found in the Spanish colonies,—I allude to General Don Miguel Tacón. The predecessors of the actual governor had indolently suffered their authority to dwindle almost into a name; and whilst their power thus counterfeited death and slept, lest the Cubans should be offended by its effective assertion, violent and brutal passions had the freest scope. The environs of the cities, and particularly of the capital, were infested with malefactors. After sunset, the streets of Havanah were the resort of highwaymen; even at mid-day, merchants who had money to take up were obliged to pay for a military escort; cries of "thief," and "assassin," echoed through the city during the whole night. And what appears incredible, the inhabitants supported this tyranny of robbers patiently, or simply confined themselves to asking aid from the chief magistrate; who replied to them, on one occasion, "Go to bed, as I do, at seven o'clock, and you will have nothing to fear."

The criminals in these night robberies were not prosecuted; or, if they were, the sentences against them were not executed. The judges or the jailors, bribed by a few *onces*, were in the habit of setting them at liberty. Robbery had become a considerable profession. Scarcely did the victims dare to complain, or witnesses to depose, against bandits whose vengeance they feared; and the protection of the tribunals, from the enormous sums it cost, was even still more dreaded than the violence of the brigands.

From the moment of his arrival, General Tacon determined to rid the country of this pest. He shed no blood needlessly, though a few heads were exposed, in cages of iron, on the Punta—the public walk—which continued to be frequented in spite of this horrible spectacle. He published a decree against vagrancy, and forbade rich or poor to carry concealed arms, under the penalty of being condemned to the galleys. He ordered numerous patrols to parade the streets night and day. Every suspected individual seen in the streets was examined, and if arms were found upon him, he was sent to pass the night in the fortress of the Cabana. Within the week, or perhaps on the following day such individual was tried, and, if condemned, had a chain attached to his legs. The governor also relieved plaintiffs against robbers from all the expense of trials. The military and civil authorities were made responsible for the strict execution of legal sentences. A few months ago, a condemned bandit, who had escaped, was seen on the high-road. The general discovered that this malefactor held correspondence, and was supposed to have an understanding with, one of his relations, a principal officer of Havanah; the officer was immediately sent to prison in the place of his protégé.

As soon as General Tacon had thus assembled together, from Havanah and its environs, about 2,000 vagabonds, he determined that they should not be nourished for nothing and in idleness, but employed in the public service. He set them then at work; made them break stones for the roads; macadamize and sweep the streets; construct highways, and public walks, and a vast prison; fabricate shores, which Havanah was absolutely in need of; and carry actively on the building of an aqueduct, which is to bring water into the city. He then shut up the gambling-houses, and forbade *monte*, a game which the Spaniards are passionately fond of, to be played in private dwellings. Finding some who opposed this reformation, he punished these refractory individuals, by making them pay fines for the support of the galleons. In this manner, the greatest part of the embellishments and improvements of the city introduced by General Tacon have cost the state nothing. His is a cheap govern-

ment, if ever there existed one. Besides, he has given authority to certain companies to construct markets, and other public establishments. At present, a work, new to the Spaniards, is about to be executed under his auspices—a railroad, which will extend from Havanah to Guines, a distant inland town.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TERRIFIC STORM.

(From Recollections of Cadix during the Siege.)

EARLY in March, 1810, Cadix was visited by a frightful storm, the recollection of which, from its awful consequences, is still a subject of painful reflection. The hurricane, on this melancholy occasion, came from the west. It commenced at daylight on the sixth, but did not attain to its greatest fury until the evening of that day; and when night fell, the dismal sounds of signals of distress were heard in every quarter of the bay. At daybreak on the seventh, no less than one hundred and ninety vessels of all sizes and nations were on shore! The *Temeraire*, a three-decker was discovered to be dragging her anchors. Shortly after, this noble vessel was, to the utter dismay of the admiral, seen completely adrift. Captain Chamberlain, and several of his officers, had but just reached the ship at the peril of their lives, having been engaged during the whole of that horrid night in saving the crews of those unfortunate vessels which were foundering on every side. Drenched, and almost expiring with fatigue, from their generous exertions, the captain and officers were obliged to be hauled on board in slings, two of their boats having been stove in their attempt to board. The sight of the beautiful and powerful *Temeraire* drifting on a lee shore, and that shore lined by a shouting, ferocious enemy, roused all their energies; and after a quarter of an hour's agonizing anxiety, Admiral Purvis had the inexpressible delight of seeing the *Temeraire*, under the skilful Chamberlain and his experienced master, running under his stern, with a mere shred of a sail to give her steerage way, and in another minute drop her best bower in now and secure moorings. Sad as was the scene of desolation on every side, the bold and skilful seamanship exhibited on this critical occasion by Captain Chamberlain and his fine crew excited such admiration through the fleet, that, when he telegraphed "ALL SAFE, NINE FATHOM!" the *Temeraire* was honoured with three cheers from between two and three thousand glad voices from the British squadron.

The *Maria Primera*, Portuguese flag-ship (a three-decker also), was not so fortunate. This magnificent vessel (on the eve of her departure for Lisbon) had taken up an outside station a day or two previously to the commencement of the gale, and had reached the mouth of the bay when the awful swell from

the mighty Atlantic indicated the quickly approaching evil. The admiral put back at nightfall, unfortunately dropping his anchor in the most exposed part of the bay. On the morning of the seventh the gale raged with such fury, that all chance of bettering his position under such circumstances became hopeless. An unusual bustle on the shores of the bay occupied by the enemy, showed that he had a double danger to encounter. Hundreds of men and horses were seen near Fort St. Calalina, drawing on artillery; and before noon the *Maria Primera* became exposed to the fire of that powerful battery. Showers of shot and shell were poured on the devoted vessel, whose fire in return made but slight impression, rolling as she did almost yard-arm to every moment. Still the Portuguese admiral would neither strike his flag, nor, by slipping his anchors, seek a precarious chance of escape by running up the bay. His vessel soon became a wreck—and at mid-day went down under the “vivas” of the brave crew, with her flag nailed to the masthead; and to the unutterable grief of the many thousands assembled on the towers of the houses at Cadix, who had beheld the unequal contest. But a scene of greater horror was yet to be witnessed. Moored at the upper part of the bay, about a league from the Mole of Cadix, were five large pontoons of prison hulks—old line-of-battle ships—on board of which several thousand prisoners of the army of Dupont had been confined for nearly two years. The rigour, nay cruelty, with which these unfortunate beings had been treated, had, it was but too truly stated, reduced their number in that period to nearly *one half* the original amount. But the French set the example of cruelty, and all feelings of *mercy towards a Frenchman* were by the Spaniards deemed *treasons towards Spain*. These wretched prisoners were constantly in a state bordering on mutiny; which the daily rigours and privations they suffered tended to foster. Driven to despair by long suffering, and hopelessness of relief,* they were prepared to meet death in the attempt for freedom. The Spanish authorities, aware of this state of desperation in the mind of the prisoners, always maintained a strong guard on board each pontoon, who carefully prevented more than an extremely limited number of them to enjoy the air of the deck each day. This relief, so necessary to their health, and indeed existence, therefore seldom came to the turn of each individual above once in the course of a fortnight.

* Napoleon's indignation against Dupont and his army for his disgraceful surrender to a rude and half-disciplined body of troops, inferior in number, science of arms, and all the tact and art of war, to that which grounded his arms before the patriots, was so great, that he never would listen to any proposal made by his marshals in Spain for the exchange of the prisoners confined in the Cadix hulks. He reluctantly left them to their fate—and that was terrible.

The Spanish Government had formed no depots of provisions on board, so that these unhappy wretches had to depend from day to day almost for the supplies, not only of bread, but also of *water*, on the visits of the provision barques, which were at all times irregular—the guard on board, so long as they could procure food for themselves, were regardless of the horrid sufferings of the hungered and thirsting prisoners. The third day had now arrived since the last issue of bread, salt fish, and water, had been made—all the attempts made by the provision barques to approach these huge floating prisons, with sides rising to the height of thirty feet from the water's edge, were found ineffectual. The storm seemed to gain fresh strength every hour—a dark haze hung over the bay; one continued unceasing roar, resembling neither the thunders of the heavens, nor noise of cannon, rung on the ears of all with a stunning, awful din! Maddened by hunger and by raging thirst, burning for revenge, and reckless of danger, the desperate prisoners burst into open mutiny; all that were on deck were slaughtered, but not before they had gained some stand of arms in the scuffle, which they passed below. The sentinels guarding the hatchways of the second and lower decks were overpowered, and instantly sacrificed. The shouts of the emancipated prisoners passed from one hulk to the other, until the mutiny became general. Hundreds were slain in their struggles to gain the upper deck; and when they at last succeeded in that object, and became opposed to the whole of the guard, scores of each were swept off at every surge of these huge vessels, which, with scarcely ballast enough on the ground tier to keep them upright (now that the prisoners from below had enlarged themselves), rolled almost gunwale to, under the double influence of wind and sea. The desperate captives, having procured fire, sought to burn the hawse-holes—but the storm effected what their feeble means could not accomplish. The pontoons, one after the other, broke from their moorings; and in a quarter of an hour grounded on the shore occupied by their countrymen! On the first moment of striking (which threw each vessel nearly on her broadside), hundreds of the poor wretches were plunged into the foaming sea, and were soon seen making every effort to reach the shore, under a heavy and unrelenting fire of shot, shells, and grape, from the British ships, gunboats, and batteries! The French cavalry, which poured down to the spot (one of those points or tongues of land already mentioned), made the most gallant efforts to save their struggling fellow-creatures; many were observed dashing into the foam, until his horse lost all footing, and snatching some drowning wretch, drag him along beside his swimming animal—the next

moment, a shot, a shower of grape, hurled both into eternity! The red-hot shot fired both from the British ships and the Spanish fort of Puntales (des a league from Cadix) at length took effect on those huge, dark masses, from which flames were seen to burst—every effort of the miserable survivors on board to check the rising conflagration was ineffectual—a succession of volleys of twenty-four pounders from the Queen Charlotte, Temeraire, and Tonnant, swept the slanting decks with horrible precision, swelling the awful catalogue of the slain by hundreds every passing minute. The distracted prisoners, as a last and desperate hope, flung themselves into the boiling sea, now crimsoned with blood, making one struggling effort to reach the shore—but, alas! not one in ten succeeded. The evening of that day, on which the sun never cast even a momentary ray, closed on this frightful scene of slaughter, just as the small magazines of powder established on board for the use of the guards successively exploded, shattering the already half destroyed wrecks to the very keel.

The numbers of unfortunate human beings sacrificed on that memorable day to a cruel point of duty, was not less than FIVE THOUSAND!

For several days after the subsidence of this tremendous hurricane, the whole coast of the bay of Cadix was covered with the bodies of the slain and drowned. Working parties, to the number of six hundred men, British as well as Spaniards, were employed from day to day digging graves in the sandy beach from Cadix to Isla, to conceal from human eyes those frightful testimonials of the almost general destruction of the unfortunate prisoners of the pontoons!—*Blackwood's Mag.*

FRENCH BIOGRAPHY.

THE French have long been allowed to excel in the art of imparting interest to biographical memoirs, and of interweaving the more important events of history with the fleeting topics of conversation and the details of ordinary life. This superiority may be ascribed to the language, and still more to the form of government which prevailed so long among that ingenious and polished people. All was referred to the caprice or pleasure of the sovereign: the keen repartee—the pointed anecdote—the dexterous insinuation—the wit of a courtier—the resentment of a fine lady, might alter the course of events, and control the destiny of nations; accordingly, instead of the Exclusion Bill, the Habeas Corpus, and the Revolution, we find the carp of Louis XIV.—the tambour-frame of Madame de Maintenon—the degradation of the legitimated princes—the “petit soupers” of the Regent—and the fury of

Madame du Prie. Instead of the Rye House plot—of divisions against the court in a great, national assembly—we have the “conspiration des marmousets” and the cabals of the court matrons, to supplant Madame du Barri, as an intruder, not, as one of them said, because they hated her, but because they wished to obtain her place. Instead of a pamphlet from Lord Somers, or a speech from Lord Chatham, we have a sarcasm from St. Simon, or a jest from the Duc de Nivernois. Whichever nation may have reason to congratulate itself in striking the balance between these advantages, it appears to us that they are certainly incompatible.—*British and Foreign Review*, No. 5.

The Gayerer.

The Greek is moderate and contented; coffee and tobacco, both cheap articles, are the only comforts that he cannot easily dispense with, and which he consumes after the manner of the Turks. In respect to food, little is required to satisfy him—so that the proverb, by no means flattering, is preserved, that a Greek will get fat where an ass might starve. Salad is a principal article of food, but certainly of a very different kind to that which is found in cultivated kitchen-gardens; for under this comprehensive title are included garlic, spinach, parsley, and even grass. Capatinos, in their walks, pluck from the first ditch or meadow, lettuces a foot long, and feast on them with the keenest appetite. A battalion of Greek soldiers, in respect to rations, is, therefore, much more easily maintained than one of other nations. When a native gourmand wishes to indulge himself, he buys half-a-dozen salted, black olives, and with this nauseously bitter dish, is contented for the whole afternoon.—*Tietz's Napoli di Romania*.

Seals.—The seal of the Begs of Moldavia and Wallachia, on their decrees and letters, and the arms placed over the gates of their palaces, churches, and peculiar convents, is simply a bull's head, said to be in honour of St. Mark the Evangelist. The seal of the Crál of the Poles, impressed on their battle-axes, &c., is an eagle with two heads; and the seal of the Muscovite Emperor is the same, said to be in honour of St. John the Evangelist. The impression on the gold, silver, and copper coins, is, on one side, an eagle with two heads, and, on the other, the emperor riding on a horse, under the feet of which is a kind of dragon, which the Emperor is sticking with a spear, after the manner of St. George. W. G. C.

Curious.—Under this singular head the *Charleston Courier* records the following curious fact in the natural history of the genus homo:—“A gentleman in this city

owns a young negro who is deaf and dumb, cock-eyed, left-handed, bow-legged, and nevertheless very intelligent."

A small Affair.—The editor of a Maryland paper, in a peppery article anent the arguments of a rival editor, affirmeth and also offereth to prove that "his soul, his nasty, little soul, is not large enough to fill the socket of a musquito's eye!"—How he means to prove it he does not say.

The Land of the Free.—"Last Sunday evening," says Brigg's *Boston Bulletin*, "Mr. May, the abolitionist lecturer, attempted to hold forth in the chapel at Haverhill, Massachusetts;—the chapel was filled with hearers of both sexes, and the lecturer had just begun his discourse when a volley of stones and lighted fire-crackers were showered through the windows into the pulpit and upon the congregation; who immediately dispersed in great alarm. A piece of ordnance was brought to the spot to frighten the congregation."

Verdict of an American Jury of Inquest on a Horse.—"Whereas, inasmuch, as it appears, that the said horse died in consequence of getting his foot in a rack—therefore held, that the cause of his death was sufficient."

Temperature of the Earth.—The boring for an Artesian well, at the Abattoir of Grenelle, at Paris, has reached down to 1,050 feet without finding water. The temperature at the bottom, according to thermometers which have been let down is 22 3-10 deg. Reaumur, or 82 deg. Fahrenheit; while, at the surface, it is 12 Reaumur, or 59 deg. Fahrenheit.

In Senate.—"A member of the Senate," says the *Toronto Patriot*, "in giving some information to the House, the other day, touching an alleged improper survey near the spot on which he was located, delivered himself as follows:—The surveyor, d'y'e see, in running the side-line, run it in a kind o' bowing-like; and then the neighbours run theirs by hiss'n, and so put everything out o' kilter."

Belgium.—With respect to the general state of morals in Belgium, it may suffice to state, on the amply competent authority of M. Dupeptiaux, who is inspector-general of the prisons throughout the country, that it is to the full as satisfactory as it was before the revolution of 1830. It results from his ingenious, comparative tables, that while crimes and offences augment in a large degree in England, and appear about stationary in France, in Belgium they have decidedly decreased, the diminution of condemnations being in the proportion of twenty-four in a hundred on crimes against the person, and fifteen in a hundred on crimes

against property.—*British and Foreign Review*, No. 5.

Bridal Custom.—In Russia, the old custom of the bride, on the evening of the wedding-day, taking off her husband's boots in pledge of obedience, is still retained in some parts of the country, as also that of the husband depositing in one boot a sum of money, and in the other a small whip; if the young wife happens to hit first upon that containing the money, she keeps it—if not, her husband gives her two or three light cuts with the whip. Hence, no doubt, has arisen the universal opinion abroad, that the low-born Russian makes known his love for his wife by the application of chastisement. However, I never witnessed any such tender demonstrations.—*Tietz's St. Petersburg*.

Curious MSS.—In Emanuel College, Cambridge, are two very remarkable and rather voluminous MSS., which were in the library of Dr. Parr. The first is a MS. of St. Chrysostom, in four folio volumes. They are said to have never been used by any editor. The following note is by Dr. Parr:—"This noble book belonged to the late learned Dr. Adam Askew, and was given to Dr. Parr by Adam Askew, Esq., the much-esteemed pupil of Dr. Parr, and the eldest son of Dr. Askew." The other MS. is upon the Immortality of the Soul. It occupies two volumes. It is stated in a note by Dr. Parr that it is the work of the immortal Sir M. Hale, and was never published; and that it was given to him by his sagacious and most highly respected friend, Francis Hargrave, Esq. Dr. Parr directed that these MSS. should be sent to Emanuel College.

W. G. C.

Diderot.—It is related of Diderot, that he did not scruple to sell to the Empress of Russia an immense library, which he did not possess, for an enormous price, having got her promise that it should remain in his possession, in Paris, during his life. When her ambassador wanted to see it, after a year or two's payment, and the visitation could no longer be staved off, Diderot was obliged to set off in a hurry, and run through all the booksellers' shops in Germany, to fill his empty shelves. He had the good fortune to save appearances; but the trick took air because he had been niggardly in his attention to the ambassador's secretary. L. P. S.

Chacun a son Gout.—A shark was caught on the North Beach, St. Augustine, Florida, on the 10th inst., and, on being opened, four large bars of yellow soap from the wreck of the Sam Patch were found in his maw!

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